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THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1903. NUMBER 25

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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—AND—
WAGONMAKERS
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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

From Our Own Special Correspondent]

WASHINGTON CITY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19.

Editor HERALD: Congress has not been devoid of interest since its reassembling after the holidays. Vest of Missouri, Dolliver of Iowa, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Tillman of South Carolina, and others have given the trusts and the tariff a brief airing, while the omnibus statehood bill, draging its weary length along, from day to day gives opportunity to senators to make "copy" for the Congressional Record.

As your readers are no doubt aware, Washington has been pinched by a coal famine this winter, and the poor consumer has been ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the mine operators' greed and the local dealers' highwaymen-like methods. It may seem like exaggeration to tell your readers that anthracite coal sold as high as $20 a ton, and that soft, or bituminous coal fluctuated from $8.50 to $10. At one time here it took more influence to get a ton of coal than it required to land a government job.

I was telling a gentleman here of the wonderful coal deposits near Hazel Green—the Caney coal field—and he seemed to doubt my assertion that these fields could supply the world with coal for the next 50 years. A coal famine no doubt will seem ridiculous to your readers, many of whom have coal mines in their back yards, but to Washingtonians it is something realistic and something to be dreaded.

Taking off the 60 cents tariff on coal for a period of one year can be placed to the credit of that great Democrat, Senator George Vest, of Missouri, who, though tottering at his desk from physical weakness, delivered an address that awakened the senate and the house to a realization of the duty they owed to the people, whose representatives they are.

Senator Vest voluntarily retires from the senate the 4th of next March, to be succeeded by the Hon. William Joel Stone, a transplanted Kentuckian. The Hon. Bill is a shrewd politician and a good Democrat, but he will never be able to reach the mark of intellectuality and statesmanship set by his illustrious and eloquent predecessor, Missouri's grand old man.

Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Dolliver of Iowa, are at loggerheads as to what was the intent and purpose of Congressman Dingley when he made up the schedules of what is known as the Dingley tariff law. The Democrats have always contended that Mr. Dingley purposely made some rates too high in order that they could down by reciprocal agreement with other nations. This Senator Aldrich indignantly denied in the senate last week and said it was an insult to the memory of Mr. Dingley to suggest such a thing. But along comes Senator Dolliver and says that the Democratic party contention is right; that he was a member of the house Ways and Means committee when the bill was framed, and that some schedules were purposely made too high, as the Democrats contend.

As Mr. Dolliver is a recognized Republican leader and one of the ablest men out—one of the greatest orators in either house, it puts the majority in a hole. "Revision" will be one of the battle cries in the next campaign, and if the Democrats are not alert they will be crowded out of their position as the only blown in the bottle, simon-pure tariff reformers.

Tillman "strung a live wire" the other day, but it was pretty well insulated, and did not amount to a great deal. Tillman is a man who has many admirable traits, and many that are to be condemned. I admire his rugged honesty but I do not admire his rugged methods. In the greatest deliberative body on earth, the greatest decorum in debate should obtain, and Tillman stretches the decorum string almost to the breaking point sometimes.

There is quite a pretty fight on among Democrats in the house as to whom shall fall the rather doubtful honor of leading the minority in the next congress. Among the aspirants are Champ Clark of Missouri, John Sharpe Williams of Mississippi, Judge Jim Griggs of Georgia, and perhaps, the Hon. Dave Smith of Kentucky. I think the Kentuckian should have it, as he would be a safe leader, a wise counsellor, and is a skilled parliamentarian, but he is not as showy as either Williams or Clark, and is not making such a strenuous effort to land as are these gentlemen, and his name may never be presented to the caucus.

And, speaking of Clark, he wound up a spicy argument with Gen. Grosvener, the veteran warhorse from Ohio, the other day with a characreristic story. Clark was speaking of Republican "gerrymandering" in various northern states, when Grosvener "butted in," to use an expression of the street, and the argument waxed witty and vigorous, with honors about even. In closing Clark said the controversy with his distinguished Ohio friend was not of his seeking, and wound up with a story of a mighty bear-hunter, who had slain hundreds of the tribe of Bruin, and on whose monument was this inscription: "He whistled for the grizley and the grizley came." The application is evident, and Clark scored heavily, as a pugilist would say.

Indications point to a vote on the omnibus statehood bill at this session, although there is a strong fillibuster by its opponents to prevent a vote being taken. The friend of the bill here, is Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, the most skilled parliamentary general in the senate. He is resourceful, dogged in his determination, alert and watchful, and it will take a strong combination to prevent the bill from reaching a vote. The bill has the right of way, being the unfinished business after the morning hour, and cannot be displaced except by vote of the senate, and the opponents of the bill do not care to chance a test vote unless the bill is permitted to reach a vote, appropriation bills and other important measures may be held up and necessitate an extra session. Already there are rumors of an extra session, but of course any one can start rumors.

I would not be surprised if THE HERALD will not have the honor of being the first newspaper in Kentucky to launch the presidential boom of Judge Parker, of New York. From all sections of the country he is hailed as the new Democratic Moses. From Texas, where Bryan had his strongest following, comes the tidings that Parker is its choice, and from every other section the boom rolls along like a huge snowball, increasing at every turn. He is the man of the hour, and if he lives he will be the Democratic standard bearer in 1904.

I just mention this to remind your readers that THE HERALD is always first on the ground, and knows a band wagon when it sees it. Now is the time to get aboard.

KAPPA.

If you know Malaria, you certainly don't like it. If you know Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure, you certainly do like it. Sold by All Druggists. Price, 60 cts.

Tried to Conceal It.

It's the old story of "murder will out," only in this case there's no crime. A woman feels run down, has backache or dyspepsia and thinks its nothing and tries to hide it until she finally breaks down. Don't deceive yourself. Take Electric Bitters at once. It has a reputation for curing Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles and will revivify your whole system. The worst forms of those maladies will quickly yield to the curative power of Electric Bitters. Only 50c. and guaranteed by J. T. Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists.

Horrors of the Cinematagraph.

The exhibition of cinematograph pictures showing the operation recently performed on the Hindoo twins, Radica, and Doodica, has awakened a storm of disgust in Vienna. The pictures show all the horrors of the dissecting room, and the dreadful contortions of the limbs when under the knife.

Loss of Vitality

Is loss of the principle of life, and is early indicated by failing appetite and diminishing strength and endurance. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest vitalizer—it acts on all the organs and builds up the whole system.

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Gosnold, the smallest town in Massachusetts, comprises those little specks of land which, beginning at Woods Holl, at the shoulder of old Cape Cod's right arm, extend seaward till they terminate in that fatal reef of the Sow and pigs.

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Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp Root Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect October 19, 1902.

EAST BOUND.

No. 2, Daily ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday.
P.M. Lve.				A.M. Lve
2 25 pm	0	....Lexington....	0	7 45 am
3 10 pm	20	...Winchester....	20	8 25 am
3 56 pm	40	.....Clay City.....	40	9 13 am
4 06 pm	44	.....Stanton.....	44	9 23 am
4 35 pm	57	...Nat. Bridge....	57	9 54 am
4 49 pm	62	.....Torrent.....	62	10 08 am
5 11 pm	70	...Beattyv'eJc...	70	10 29 am
6 11 pm	90	...O&K Junc'n....	90	11 26 am
6 15 pm	94	.....Jackson.....	94	11 30 am

WEST BOUND.

No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 3. Daily, ex. Sunday.
A.M. Arr.				P.M. Arr
10 10 am	0	.....Jackson.....	0	6 05 pm
9 25 am	20	...Beattyv'eJc...	20	5 20 pm
8 37 am	40	.....Torrent.....	40	4 39 pm
8 28 am	44	...Nat. Bridge....	44	4 30 pm
8 01 am	57	.....Stanton.....	57	4 01 pm
7 47 am	62	.....Clay City.....	62	3 47 pm
7 26 am	70	...L & E Junc'n...	70	3 26 pm
6 29 am	90	...Winchester....	90	2 30 pm
6 25 am	94	....Lexington....	94	2 25 pm

O. & K. BRANCH.

EAST BOUND.

No. 33. Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 21. Daily, ex. Sunday.
3 30	0	.....Jackson.....	0	11 20
3 35	6	.O&K Junction.	6	11 26
4 17	11	.....Wilhurst.....	11	11 52
4 30	13	.....Hampton.....	13	11 58
5 10	20	.....Lee City.....	20	12 22
5 18	22	....Helechawa....	22	12 28
5 45	27	...Cannel City...	27	12 45
P.M. ARR.				P.M. ARR.

WEST BOUND.

No. 34 Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 22. Daily, ex Sunday.
9 15	9	.....Jackson.....		2 35
9 10	6	.O &K Junction.	6	2 30
8 28	11	.....Wilhurst.....	11	1 58
8 15	13	.....Hampton.....	13	1 52
7 35	20	.....Lee City.....	20	1 28
7 26	22	....Helechawa....	22	1 22
7 00	27	...Cannel City...	27	1 05
A M. LVE.				P M. LVE.

Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio and Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake and Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beattyville, daily except Sunday.

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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BELONGS TO
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DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
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Who carry a larger stock and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in town or in this section. Give them a trial and save money.

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RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

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Subscribe through your commission firm, newsdealer or publisher of newspaper containing this advertisement. Sample copies sent free on request. Address
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I have a nice lot of clothing which I intend to close out, and if you want a bargain in this line do not fail to call at once.

SHOES.

Also, I will sell you shoes at $1.00 that I have always sold at $1.25, and the same proportion clear through.

Remember, this is for CASH ONLY!

J. M. ROSE.
THE PEOPLES' FRIEND.

THE DAY MILLINERY

CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF

MILLINERY and NOTIONS,
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DRESS GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, &c.,
RIBBONS, HOSE, &c.

☞And sells everything so low that the poorest may buy.

J. TAYLOR DAY,

CARRIES IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

Ladies' Dress Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Ladies' and Gents' Shoes,
Standard Groceries,
Lamps and Queensware,
Cutlery and Hardware,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.
In fact everything usually found in first-class store,

AND SELL AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY COMPETITOR. IT IS A FACT THAT IN MANY CASES WE RETAIL AT LESS THAN THEY PAY WHOLESALE, BECAUSE WE BUY IN LARGER QUANTITIES.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : KY.

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer
Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day—
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face;
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The big dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold.
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The big dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and
dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hands and feet the farmer
bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot, he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now the hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
He follows on his horny toes,
The big dog under the wagon.
—N. O. Picayune.

A GAS BILL ROMANCE.

THE big black figure **2** on the calendar on Abbott's desk reminded that young man that it was the second of the month, and that he had a disagreeable duty to perform. He rang a bell.

"I want to get the delinquent notices out this morning, Samuel," he said to the youth who answered his summons. "Just write to those people to the effect that upon examining our books we find that their bills are over a month in arrears, and that unless they are paid in three days we shall be compelled to cut off their supply of gas. Sign my name, and get the notices into the mail as soon as you can."

His stenographer and general factotum disappeared, and Abbott's mind turned into another channel. He was a very capable young business man, having gradually risen to the position of secretary and general manager of the Evans City Consolidated Gas company through his close attention to the company's affairs. But it was not of business that he began to think when Samuel had gone back to his typewriter in the outer office. He saw in his mind's eye a sweet feminine face, with a clear complexion through which the red glowed delicately, a sensitive profile, and big eyes that were not as carefree as such eyes should have been.

"It's hard lines for that poor girl to have to struggle along as she does," said Abbott to himself. "She's not cut out for that sort of thing at all. She hasn't the strength for it. Almost every cent of the little they pay her for her school teaching, and almost every minute of her time outside of school hours, goes to the care of that father of hers. It's pretty hard lines, and she is a little heroine, that's what she is."

This was by no means a new train of thought for Abbott. For several months the image of the fluffy-haired little school-teacher with the big blue eyes had been engaging his attention in season and out. Whenever he dreamed a day dream this image would be the central figure of it, and often the dreams would go to considerable length. For example, he would picture a pretty house, with a pretty lawn around it, and the image acting with charming grace and dignity the role of hostess to their friends; or the image out in the front yard picking roses, or tacking up strings for the morning glory vines, with the breeze rippling her fluffy hair, perhaps.

He sometimes wondered what the girl herself would think if she knew he took such liberties with her image. His acquaintance with her was rather slight. He had called on her a few times, but had never been able to break through the reserve which was the result of her sensitiveness and her aloofness in her devotion to her invalid father, from the society of the young people of the town. The truth of the matter was that, in spite of Abbott's ability in affairs of the head, he was a bungler when it came to matters of the heart. Nobody knew this better than he did himself. Before every call he had made a resolution to be light and easy in manner, to joke with her, to tell her in an off-hand way about himself—he doubted if she even knew what his business was. But it was no use. In the interval between his ringing the doorbell and her descent into the parlor his resolutions would take flight like a flock of frightened sheep, and he would be more ill at ease than ever. So he had made up his mind to take the bull by the horns, as he expressed it to himself, to write her a letter telling her plainly and simply of the state of his heart and asking her to take him into consideration as a future husband. With the click of Samuel's typewriter in his ears he composed the missive and instructed Samuel to have it mailed without delay. Then, with his mind much relieved, he turned again to prosaic business matters. After luncheon it occurred to him to glance over the names of those whose bills were in arrears.

"Bring me the list of delinquents, Samuel," he directed. He was running his eyes hastily down the column when he stopped suddenly.

"Are—are those letters in the mail yet, Samuel?" he asked, with an effort at calmness.

"Why, yes, sir; got 'em in a couple of hours ago," answered Samuel briskly.

"And that other letter, I suppose you have mailed that, too," Abbott went on in the uncertain voice of a man who is afraid to hear the answer to his question.

"Of course I did, sir. I saw it was going to the same address as one of the others, so I just slipped it into the big envelope with the notice, to save that much postage." Samuel was a zealous youth, who had the interests of the company at heart.

"Oh, you did, did you?" cried Abbott, rising to his feet. "What in the name of—" He stopped, being accustomed to control himself. "Get back to your work now, Samuel, and hereafter when I tell you to mail a letter just do it in the usual way without any improvements of your own."

Abbott paced the floor. For Miss Hayden to receive from him a peremptory notice that he would shut off the supply of gas unless she paid the bill, and at the same time a declaration of love, was terrible, and also ridiculous. His vicious chewing of the end of his cigar was interrupted by short laughs of scorn at himself for permitting such a thing to happen. If he could only get that letter back!

He knew the postman would never give it up to him. He thought of waylaying him, and smiled grimly at the idea of the secretary of the Evans City Consolidated Gas company turning highwayman and robbing the mails.

He glanced at his watch and made a hasty calculation. It was four minutes past three. There was a three o'clock delivery and the letter was probably in it. But Miss Hayden was not yet home from school. The session was over at three o'clock, to be sure, but what conscientious teacher had no unruly boys to keep in, nor other after-school duties to perform? Abbott decided that she would not be home before 3:30, at the earliest. It would take him about 15 minutes to reach her house. This would give him at least ten minutes' grace in which to bribe the maid, to obtain possession of that letter by hook or by crook, and get away unseen by the mistress of the house. The envelope was fortunately stamped with the company's name, which would be a help to him. He felt that his chances for success were good, after all, but there was that contingency, appalling to contemplate, that Miss Hayden might be at home with his two communications in her possession. He dismissed from his mind as hastily as possible the thought of meeting her under these circumstances.

"Yes, sir, she's just come home from school," said the Irish girl, cheerily, in reply to Abbott's anxious query. "Come right in and I'll tell her you're here."

From his seat on the edge of the parlor chair the young man gazed distractedly at the unsympathetic furniture and the unresponsive bric-a-brac. If he could only get out of here some way? How could he face her? The clock ticked loudly, with no regard for his state of mind, and every tick was hurrying on the ordeal. He frowned at the clock, and as he did so its tick suddenly seemed to have become a voice of succor, for it had called his attention to a familiar-looking envelope lying beside the clock on the mantlepiece. In three strides he was across the room and was clutching that letter in an eager grip. He had just time to thrust it into his pocket before he heard her footstep on the stairs. Red and agitated he took her extended hand.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Hayden. I—I'm glad to see you. I thought I would drop in to see if you wouldn't—if you wouldn't take a walk, that is, a ride. I am feeling a little worn out, you know, and a trip to the park occurred to me as a bracer. Won't you come, too?"

Miss Hayden's blue eyes were fixed upon him wonderingly for an instant. It seemed to her a little odd that an active business man should be wanting to go to the park at this time. And then she couldn't understand his embarrassment.

"Why, you see, my father—" she began, doubtfully. Then she remembered that her father had noticed the paleness of her cheeks, and had advised her several times to do this very thing—to take afternoon rides to the park.

"Why, yes, I think it would be delightful," she exclaimed with a touch of enthusiasm in her voice. "It is such a beautiful afternoon. I am very glad to get away from the humdrum cares of life, now and then, and it's very good of you to ask me."

"Not at all," answered Abbott, earnestly.

After Miss Hayden had adjusted her hat she went to the foot of the stairs and called out:

"Katy, I thought you said there was a letter here for me. I don't see it."

"It's right on the mantlepiece, by the clock, ma'am," came Katy's voice from above. "Why, no, it isn't, Katy."

"It must be, ma'am," insisted Katy. "The postman gave it to me not tin minutes ago, and I put it there with me own hands."

Katy came down stairs, and Abbott, experiencing emotions such as he imagined must be those of the amateur sneak thief, made a feint at aiding in the search for the lost letter. He was intensely relieved when Miss Hayden exclaimed:

"Well, look for it when I am gone, Katy. It will surely turn up, somewhere."

After the first half hour in the park Abbott forgot the letter, except now and then, and he forgot the self-consciousness that had heretofore overwhelmed him in all his efforts when in the company of this girl. They were getting along famously. She was in high spirits; the wall of reserve seemed to have been a mere phantom wall. They went rowing, and were remote from the landing, in a little inlet where the trees on either side mingled their branches overhead and made it seem like twilight.

Here was the time and place, he felt. He would be several varieties of a fool not to take advantage of this opportunity. He prepared to speak out, and felt the perspiration on his brow. This rowing was rather warm work, after all. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket. In its folds it brought the letter, which fluttered down at Miss Hayden's feet. The blood rushed to his face. He was afraid to look at the letter or at her.

"You've dropped a letter," she said, calmly.

Like one who takes a plunge into icy water he glanced down. The black side had fallen upward. With an assumption of carelessness he picked it up, and then, to give vent to his feelings, began to row strenuously. In a moment they were in open water again; his mind was no longer in condition for a declaration, and a golden opportunity on a golden afternoon was gone.

"Just cross that Hayden bill off your list, Samuel, it's attended to," directed Abbott the next day in the office. He did not intend that Miss Hayden should be bothered by any more bills if he could help it, and he had formed a resolution, so intense that it was grim, to make an attempt to help it without further parley or delay.

It was about four in the afternoon when Samuel rose with alacrity from his typewriter, and stood grinning at the counter, as he always did at the approach of a feminine patron of the company.

"I came to pay my bill," said Miss Hayden, opening her purse. "I am afraid it is a little overdue, but—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Samuel, "you don't owe us anything, your bill's paid."

"Paid? But that can't be. I don't understand."

"Well, our secretary knows all about it. You had better see him. Come right this way."

The zealous Samuel threw open the glass door of Abbott's office with a bow, and the young man and the young woman stood face to face. He was on his own ground here, and was wholly at his ease, while she was very much embarrassed. He took the hand that she almost unconsciously held out, and led her to a chair. "You may go now," he said to Samuel.

But Samuel did not go very far. He has ears that stand out from his head inquisitively, and was able to gather a very fair idea of what transpired on the other side of that glass door. Samuel won't tell. It is enough to say that in the near future Miss Hayden will not have to pay any more bills, nor even to teach school. The expression of care has given place to one of happiness in her big blue eyes.—N. Y. Times.

A UNIQUE DISTINCTION.

Lord Normanby Is a Clergyman, Runs a School and Keeps Up the Dignity of a Marquisate.

There are not many clergymen who live in a castle, run a school, and keep up the dignity of a marquisate at the same time. It is the unique distinction of Lord Normanby that he does all three, says St. James' Gazette. Many sons of noblemen have been trained at Lord Normanby's beautiful Mulgrave castle overlooking the North sea, near Whitby, and the marquess, who is at once proprietor and headmaster of the school, has won for it a lasting reputation. His boys are perhaps the only boys in England to call the holder of five titles of peerage "headmaster." It is said that Lord Normanby gently wields an iron rod, and that his discipline is of the strictest kind; but no boy has ever left him, it is said, with anything but the happiest of recollections. A story which ought to be true has been told of the marquess, who is, moreover, a canon of Windsor and a friend of the king. The wife of a millionaire, the story goes, wrote to Lord Normanby proposing to send her son to his school, and asking if his lordship was careful about the social position of his pupils. She must have been astonished by Lord Normanby's answer, which ran: "Madame: For so long as your son conducts himself well, and pays due attention to his work, I shall make no inquiries as to the antecedents of his parents!"—St. James' Gazette.

They Wanted Blood.

While a fair was being held recently in a small town in Belgium the owner of a menagerie announced that one of the villagers, who was known to possess great courage, would enter that evening a cage containing two lions and remain there 15 minutes.

When this was noised abroad every one determined to witness the novel sight, and as a result there were several hundred persons in front of the lion's cage when the performance began.

At a signal from the owner the courageous villager entered the cage and stood watching the lions. They, however, took not the slightest notice of him, and after 15 minutes had expired he left the cage.

As he did so a storm of hisses greeted him and the next moment such an uproar arose that the owner summoned the police and the entertainment came to an end.

The fact was the people expected that the lions would attack the villager and they were disappointed because no blood had been shed.—Stray Stories.

Alarmingly Capable.

Simpson— I'd be afraid to marry a girl like Miss Hopkins.

Jenkins—Why?

"Oh, a girl who can run an automobile as she does would manage a husband clear down to the ground."—Detroit Free Press.

Heartless.

"Drop me a line!" cried the excursionist, who had fallen overboard.

"What's the use!" calmly rejoined the alleged funny man of the party. "There isn't any post office where you are going."—Chicago Daily News.

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Farmer Roused from Sleep by Maniac Wife to a Struggle for Life or Death.

Stealthily hiding a large kitchen knife in the folds of her nightdress, Mrs. Otis Finhart, wife of a farmer living two miles northwest of Grand Meadow, Minn., retired to bed the other night. In the middle of the night the woman suddenly attacked her husband. She hacked his neck with vicious blows, while he struggled in a frenzy of fear to overpower her.

She clung to him with furious strength, but his efforts were effectual in diverting the blows she aimed at him. Suddenly wrenching himself free, he sprang from the bed, snatched

DASHED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

up their two children, and dashed out of the house into the snowstorm, attired only in his nightdress. The children were likewise thinly clad. Finhart, stung by the cold and fearful for his little ones, ran barefooted through the storm and the snow to a neighbor's house, a quarter of a mile away. There he left the children and was given some clothes.

Refusing any attention for himself, he started back home, the blood still running from the gashes on his neck and his feet and hands numb with the frost. When he came within sight of the house it was in flames. Mrs. Finhart had set fire to the structure in several places, and the blaze was spreading rapidly.

Dashing into the fire, Finhart sought to rescue the crazed woman. He could not penetrate far and was forced to retreat. The house was destroyed.

Then he saw his wife on the road, making her way, wailing and moaning, toward the house of Chris Nelson, about half a mile distant. Finhart ran after her and found that she was fearfully burned.

Her fit of insanity seemed to have passed and she was taken to the house where her children were. She will die. Besides being badly burned, her feet were frozen. Ill health is said to be the cause of her mental collapse. The Finharts are well to do and respected in the community.

BETRAYED BY GIGGLES.

Two San Francisco Girls, Masquerading as Boys, Revealed Their Sex in a Funny Way.

Miss May Barry and Miss Catherine Scott, of San Francisco, had an exceedingly embarrassing half hour in a police court because they masqueraded in male attire on a dare, but forgot to stop giggling.

The giggles caused all the mischief and betrayed the two young girls to

MARCHED TO THE STATION.

a heartless policeman, who marched them before the judge.

Miss Scott and Miss Barry were dared to dress up in the clothes of their brothers, and so arrayed make the round trip on the street cars to the mission and back. They reached the end of the line without detection, and, missing the return car, started to walk sooner than wait the half hour.

They were swaggering along in fine style until the policeman appeared, and then they took a long breath and marched past him. He suspected nothing until they had gone a step or two beyond him, when he heard an unmistakable and most feminine giggle.

"Hold on, there, young fellers," said the policeman, upon which he was greeted with a perfect volley of giggles, which settled the case of the young women. Escorted by the policeman, they were marched a mile or more to the station and held there until the proper garments could be procured from their homes.

Their explanation that they did not know there was any wrong in the prank satisfied the judge, who advised them either to let boys' clothes alone or stop giggling when they went masquerading.

Better Unsmoked.

"Smithers never lights one of his cigars. Just keeps it in his mouth and chews the end. I've often wondered why."

"You wouldn't if you had ever smoked one of them."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Had Bought Some.

She—Do you understand the language of flowers?

He—Well, I know that roses mean bankruptcy.—Chicago American.

CARRIAGES ON RUNNERS.

One of the Queer Sights on the Island of Madeira Is the Awkward Mode of Conveyance.

An unfortunate episode a few days ago brought to the attention of Americans the island of Madeira, and at the same time afforded a glimpse of one of its most peculiar customs. A wealthy resident of Funchal, the chief town and seaport of the island, according to an English dispatch, was riding through its streets in a vehicle called by the Portuguese a "carro," when he was set upon, so it was reported, by a number of American sailors, says a writer in the New York Tribune. The United States training ship Hartford had anchored in the harbor, and it is charged that these members of her crew, who had gone ashore for a few hours' leave, had drunk too deeply of the wine for which Madeira is famous. H. H. Byrne was on board the United States gunboat Castine when she visited Madeira last year. From his account of what he saw there, the reason why tipsy sailors might take it into their heads to attack a "carro" is easy to explain. In all Madiera, which contains little that is American, there is nothing more grotesquely un-American than a "carro." This vehicle consists of a huge lumbering sled, sometimes with a canopy, sometimes with no protection whatever against the sun. It is drawn by a team of oxen or a pair of muscular men.

A sled in St. Petersburg or Sitka in the winter time would seem a practical proposition, but in a part of the world, which is within a few degrees of the tropics, and in the same latitude as Jerusalem or Jacksonville, Fla., one would think such a vehicle an utter absurdity. Such, however, is not the case. The people of Madeira are by no means insane, and their use of sleds over cobblestones under hot summer suns has proved itself, to their way of thinking, entirely practical.

When a foreigner gets into a "carro" he is first inclined to regard it all as a huge joke. Later he changes his mind. There are two attendants, who serve as a sort of driver and footman, only the driver goes ahead and leads the oxen, and the footman walks still further in the van and smears the cobblestones with grease to give easier sliding to the runners. As a result the streets of the city are slippery and black; and in the hot sun they are filthy indeed. As the occupant of the "carro" goes sliding along, with his nose within a few feet of a century's accumulation of grease, he is not inclined to be in a joking humor.

The people of Madeira say that wagons are impracticable because their roads are too hilly. Although the island contains 315 square miles, and is only seven miles larger than the city of New York, its highest peak is about as tall as Mount Washington. Most of the land is, accordingly, at a steep angle. It is easier to drag a sled up a greased incline, these Madeirans say, than to haul the same weight at the same angle in a wagon. Then, again, a wagon is more likely to run wild going downhill, as it cannot be steered as safely.

In addition to the "carro," the Madeirans use for transportation a hammocklike conveyance, called a "rede." In this the passenger hangs from a pole, each end of which is supported by a husky native, who are able to carry one up the steepest places, with a safety that is assured by long and constant training. The two men swing together as they walk or trot, so that the motion given the occupant of the hammock is not an unpleasant one.

GOLF FOR OLD MEN.

Some English Ideas on the Game That Has Become So Popular.

The sneer that golf is a game only for those not agile and venturesome enough for games of greater danger has long ago faded from golf criticism, and now it has actually come to pass that golf is arraigned as a game dangerous for men who may be described as "aged," says the London Globe. It is said that if a man all through his life has followed sedentary habits, allowing his muscles to become weak and flabby, particularly those muscles in the region of the heart, golf may very easily prove too severe a strain for his system. But in the pages of a golf journal this view is partially criticised by one who did not begin the game till he was very near the neighborhood of 60. He declares that it is a matter of beginning gently and he tells us that in his own case he does not find two rounds a day particularly exhausting. At the same time he confesses that he has always been an enthusiast for outdoor exercise, and is inclined to think that for a man who has never taken physical exercise—rather a rare experience—it may be a little exhausting to begin with. It is all a matter of not overdoing it at first, but, unfortunately, so attractive is the game that the oldest beginners are tempted to go in for it rather more vigorously than is wise. The result of all this latest pother seems to be that like everything else in life it is wisdom at the outset to "go slow," and this is a verdict that "aged beginners" should lay to heart.

The Case Stated.

"Did U. Miss. Me., Pa.," said the loving and convalescent wife, "when I was so ill? I had to have the M. D."

"More than tongue Kan. tell," answered the husband. "Not for the Ind. would I have it so again."

"La!" said the wife, "I hope the woman did the Wash. all right. When I get out, I'm afraid I'll look like I came out of the Ark. And all that Mass. of stuff the doctor gave me! O. you must take me to Del.'s and let me have a feast Ala. carte."

And then he sadly thought that even in the sacredness of home there are Conn. games.—Baltimore American.

An Aching Void.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "second time you've used the term 'aching void. How can a void ache?"

"Well," said Brooks, reflectively, "not to speak of a hollow tooth don't you sometimes have the headache?"—N. Y. Press.

Attractive Ways of Dressing the Hair

IN DAYS of yore Dame Fashion's dictates were followed carefully in the arranging of the hair, with but little regard as to the effect upon the individual. But the modern woman cares but little what Dame Fashion says upon this important subject, and proceeds to arrange her coiffure in the manner best suited to her individual style of beauty, or to help out a plain face.

There are so many varieties of faces, and so many different shapes of heads and styles of beauty that to attempt to describe a mode for each would involve one in an endless task, and one that when completed would be unsatisfactory to the great majority for whom the task was undertaken. It must necessarily remain with the individual to determine what best suits her, and but a few suggestions may be given here together with the illustrations. A talented and authoritive writer on this subject recently said:

"Just putting a mite of willful hair this way or that, just raising or lowering the site of the coil, making it long or short, tight or loose, wreathing the face with fluffiness, or allowing the features to stand out in unrelieved beauty—they need to be beautiful to let them do so—massing the hair upon the brow or drawing it high above or coquetting with it in whimsical fashion in any of the numberless betwixt and between degrees; each has its value in determining the effect of the whole."

Straight back from the forehead, with just a lock brought roguishly down in dashing piquancy, is becoming to the maiden of lofty brow and reasonably regular features.

A high big tuft, extending the length of the top of the head, with puffs to either side, is liked for a large and somewhat short face. Picturesqueness is to be had for the small featured woman by putting the coil high and letting the hair fall in a low pompadour almost to the eyes.

Irregularity of features is often corrected by somewhat high hairdressing with a dip more or less marked, extending onto the forehead. By making the dip the right length and arranging the hair on either side with proper fullness rare effects can be brought out.

Large features usually require a softening frame of hair about the face. How full and how low depends upon the contours. A large brow is effectively decorated with a curl or with short locks on either side.

When a plain part is not becoming the effect may be soothed by a soft waving or fluffy puffed design. A part with the side hair well thrown out by "roughing it" and the coil put on the top well to the fore suits the rotund visage.

The ear hidden with a soft large pompadour extending like a halo about the face is youthful and pretty for the medium face. For each side of the coil to have some finishing touch of its own is a late fancy for the elaborate coils.

Dainty Models in Tea Gowns

Many Pretty Fancies That Are in Vogue This Winter.

Empire tea gowns are the vogue of the season in negligee. And there is no just reason why they should not be for they are the most beautiful of all the many forms of house gowns, and especially when worn with the attractive lace trimmed skirts of which we see many. In the empire model the portion below the yoke falls in accordion plaits, or gathers, inset all around with lace insertions or elaborately embroidered. In length it usually comes to just below the waist line, but it varies according to the style of figure.

Then there are the half fitting tea jacket, and the short, close-fitting one

which in velvet and velveteen is a most useful garment. The back is the only part fitted closely, as the fronts fall half loose, and it shows a decided basque frill at the back and sides. Narrow insertions of lace stripe this jacket in vertical lines all around. Or it may be made of tucked crepe de chine like the model shown, and striped around with lace insertion. Velvet ribbon is threaded through over the insertion in front, at the back, and on the sleeves, ending in loops and ends.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for these little garments made in any style and any color. China silk or any of the soft, thin silks and veilings are used, while charming little breakfast jackets are made of French flannel.

Some of the more dressy models are made entirely of Alencon lace over

chiffon, and pretty dainty little models are carried out in the washable chiffons with lace trimming. One model in white China silk has a full back half fitted to the figure with rows of shirring at the belt line in the back. The fronts are in sacque form, edged with lace, falling at either side of a blouse vest of chiffon.

The picturesque sleeves worn now help out the elegance of the tea jacket immensely, and the draperies may be as long and flowing as you like. Bruges lace is very much used for trimming of all sorts of negligee garments as well as underwear, and the prettiest lace jackets are made of the light fine laces, such as Alencon, Brussels and French point.

The neck may have a round collar of lace or plaited mull with rows of black baby ribbon on the edge, fastened at the bust with a rosette and loops of ribbon. The sleeves, in a big puff below the elbow, should have a turn-back cuff to match the collar.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN.

Strange Communications of an Indianapolis Crank to the National Treasury Department.

For five or six years the treasury department has periodically received a letter or epistle from an Indianapolis man who signs himself "United States in Heaven," and who dates his epistles "Heaven." The latest of these communications is in line with all the others, and although brief is interesting, as showing the class of matter which sometimes reaches the executive departments. This one is dated "Heaven, 52, 9, 15," and is as follows: "I do not care to set up my opinion in controversy with the others of the American bar, but I have opposed the Panama canal because I think it unwise, because the French company has a doubtful title." It is signed "United States in Heaven."

The communications from this correspondent are promptly transferred to the waste basket, and from there are carried out by the charwomen who clean up the treasury department. No answer is sent to this alleged "heavenly" correspondent. In some of the departments the heads are so exceedingly courteous in their treatment of correspondents that they might be disposed to insist upon an answer to communications of this kind, but this is not so in the treasury department.

At the white house, says the Washington Star, unless it is seen absolutely that a person is crazy, his or her communication is always responded to in the most courteous manner.

Pure Charity.

"I had no idea that old Graspit was a philanthropist until I saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a poor widow to pay her rent."

"Oh, Graspit is all right. He owns the house the poor widow lives in."—Modern Society.

THE CRAFTY SULTAN.

Abdul Hamid Is a Statesman as Well as a Fanatic.

Believes Firmly in the Renaissance of Islam and in His Own Star—Is Piling Up War Chest for Future Use.

Under the somewhat misleading title of "Macedonian Intrigues and Their Fruits," Capt. Gambier, R. N., contributes to the Fortnightly Review a very remarkable and extremely interesting article upon Turkey and her future; or, more correctly, upon the Turks and the Mohammedans generally, and their present state and future aspirations. With the Macedonian problem, which is the nominal subject of his article, Capt. Gambier deals briefly, his main points being that none of the Macedonian races is fit to dominate the country, and that the true Macedonians are the Moslems. He ridicules the idea of degenerate Greece founding a new Byzantium via Macedonia, and scoffs at the idea of Italian pretensions in Albania. "Left singlehanded in an encounter with Turkey in Albania or in Tripoli, the fiasco of the Abyssinian campaign would be repeated ten-fold."

It is the Turk who is really on top in the east, and he intends to remain so. There is no question of degeneracy in that quarter. The Turk is not an expiring race. When we remember how the Ottoman empire has dwindled away we are apt to think of the Turks as a dying people. But looking under the surface, and remembering that Islamism is a matter of faith, not of territory, one can well agree with many Moslems that the shrinkage of their power in Europe is not a misfortune. A deep-thinking Turk once remarked to Capt. Gambier: "He would be a bold man who would predict that the polytheism of the Christian would not give place in another 600 years to the less complicated belief in the one God of Mohammed." The 600 years represent the advantage in age which Christianity has had over Islamism.

To keep alive the faith in the One and Indivisible God is the set purpose

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.
(Has Unbounded Faith in the Renaissance of Islam.)

of Abdul Hamid's life. He looks on Christianity as dead, while the spirit which conquered half the world is only dormant in his people.

To the hands of the omnipotent, omniscient sultan converge all the threads. The caliph is indefatigable. Rising early, he works harder than a London accountant. For hours he receives a procession of secretaries, ministers, ulemas, dragomans, petitioners, emissaries from all parts of the world. When their turn comes they find that the sultan knows all about their business, and disposes of it without asking anyone's advice, "that he has cognizance of everything that passes in his empire, inchoate and loosely governed as it appears to be."

The sultan's favorite theory in cross-examination is that, given enough rope, any man will hang himself.

The sultan is, in fact, triumphant. He made fools of the French over Mityilene, and has used the Germans as an instrument. He is a parsimonious man; he hates equally wasting money and paying salaries, and millions upon millions of his revenues remain unaccounted for and never see the light of day. Is he piling up a war chest for future use? Capt. Gambier evidently thinks so. And there is every reason why he should, for "Mohammedanism is as mighty a force in the world as Catholicism—all the more so because the common intelligence of mankind is in revolt against sacerdotalism—a curse effectually banned in Islam by the far-seeing wisdom of the prophet."

PLUCKY GIRL IMMIGRANTS.

Hundreds Are Preparing to Leave England to Seek New Homes in South Africa.

The domestic servant problem is keen in England. It is critical in South Africa—so much so that the high commissioner recently issued an appeal for respectable and healthy English girls willing to work and make South Africa their home. In response to this appeal 50 plucky young women from various parts of the British Isles have sailed for South Africa, says a London Report.

These girls have been selected for their physical fitness by the South African expansion committee, and it is the present intention to send out 100 girls a month until the needs of the housewives of the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Cape Colony and Natal are satisfied.

There were many affecting leavetakings at the committee's "hostel" in Upper Westbourne terrace, where most of the girls lived until the time of their departure, but the girls were full of hope for the future. An escort matron will accompany them all the way, and see them installed in the committee's "hostel" at Johannesburg.

A Handicap.

Tommy—Yeh, his pop's a "medium." He kin tell yer past an' yer future.

Chummie—Gee! I'd hate to be his kid. He could tell right off if you was in the pantry or if you was goin' to be.—Philadelphia Press.

One Kind of an Egotist.

"What is an egotist?"

"An egotist is a man who minds his own business with such persistent earnestness that it annoys you."—Chicago Post.

HAD IT ALL READY.

The Returned Traveler Gave the Reporter the Whole Thing in a Nutshell.

A Detroiter who had been spending two or three months in Montana arrived home the other day, and when a reporter called at his house to interview him the little affair was found to be typewritten and all ready for instant delivery, relates the Free Press. It reads as follows:

"I gained 15 pounds.

"Haven't felt so well for ten years.

"Climate of Montana is the most glorious in the world.

"Saw many Indians. Saw many Indians playing poker.

"Bought an Indian blanket to bring home. After boiling it for a week or so it will be left out for about 40 nights to freeze.

"Bought several Indian arrows stained with blood. Didn't ask whether it was human or cow's blood. They never make any explanations in Montana.

"Rode a bucking broncho. Usual results followed. Broncho also broke his neck at the same time.

"Was impressed by the mountains. Have returned home dissatisfied with Michigan because she has none.

"Saw many genuine cowboys. Was rather disappointed to find most of them deacons of churches, but was assured that they couldn't help it.

"Was out after grizzly bears several times, but obtained no interviews. Was told that this was the season when they retire to the tops of the highest trees to hibernate. I did not argue the matter. They never argue in Montana.

"Heard the howl of a mountain lion one evening when returning to camp. Was informed that he was howling to pass away the time, and that he probably hadn't heard of my being out there. Made no remarks. Remarks don't go in Montana.

"Descended into a canyon 350 feet deep. Not being lighted by electricity, and all the saloons being closed, it was rather lonesome down there. Visitors to Montana are helped into the depths of canyons without extra charge.

"Saw the tracks of an elk. Might have seen the elk who made the tracks if I had followed the trail three or four weeks longer. Was neither encouraged nor discouraged by the people. They let you do as you want to in Montana.

"Saw a man hung for stealing a horse. It wasn't clear whether it was a horse or a steer, but as he wanted to be hung they didn't split hairs over it. The people of Montana are an accommodating lot. They would have hung me had I requested it.

"This is all. Do not fail to speak of me as an eminent citizen, and one largely interested in the future of Detroit, and see that the proofs of this article are read twice and are clear of mistakes."

ROOSTER WANTED TO DIE.

When He Lost His Eye in a Humiliating Manner, He Laid His Head on the Block.

"Pride's a terrible thing, I tell you," remarked a New Rochelle commuter.

"Yes?" said the man who had got on the train at Pedham Manor.

"Yes. That young fellow cutting away for the other side of the world just because the girl made a fool of him reminds me of the Langshan rooster we had up at our place. He was a fine-looking cock, and he had bossed the barnyard so long that he sort of came to think he was infallible. Rosebery says that was what happened to Napoleon, who got beaten at last simply because he thought he couldn't be."

"Yes?" responded the Pelham citizen.

"Well, this rooster grew careless, and when he put on too many lordly airs one day a cross old hen up and pecked his left eye out, in plain view of the whole colony of chickens. You never saw such humiliation in your life.

"It wasn't the loss of the eye so much as the loss of prestige that hurt. He never was himself again. Every cockerel in the yard made open fun of him, the hens strutted close to him with shocking impertinence and every sprig of a chicken sauced him with most offensive impudence. He pined away, his feathers drooped and he became the pariah of the barnyard, sneaking around by himself to pick up stray grains of corn when the rest of the fowl had finished feeding.

"One day I went out to get a plump hen for dinner. I laid the hatchet on the block where I usually cut off the heads of chickens and was moving around to pick out a fat one when my wife called me to look. And, sir, lying flat on the block was the proud rooster. He had hopped up there and put his head down close to the hatchet and waited for me."

"Did you kill him?" asked the other man, says the New York Mail and Express, as the narrator paused.

"I didn't want to, but my wife begged me to put him out of his misery. He wasn't very good eating, but I made him the subject of a pretty fine talk about pride, which, as I said before, is a terrible thing."

He got off at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street with his head erect.

The Fisher Maiden.

Once upon a time a young woman, who was an exception to her sex, went fishing for compliments, and succeeded in hooking and landing a great many of them.

She was told of her amiability, intelligence, beauty and extreme modesty, all of which delighted her exceedingly. When she was told how earnestly the young men courted her good opinion, and how very jealous all the young ladies were of her attractiveness, her pleasure was beyond bounds.

Moral—Fishing always encourages lying.—N. Y. Herald.

A Unanimous Jury.

At an inquest on a case of suicide recently held in England, the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—Law Notes.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
Find Thomas Jefferson.

On June 8, 1776, a resolution was offered in the Continental congress at Philadelphia declaring the states free and independent, and a committee of five was named to draw up the declaration. Thomas Jefferson wrote the greater part of the historic document, though Adams did most of the speaking in its favor. The declaration was completed on June 28, the day of the British defeat at Fort Moultre, and was signed on July 4, 1776.

AN UNTIDY PRINCESS.

Caroline, Afterward the Queen of George IV. of England, Was Slovenly in the Extreme.

To be delicately clean in clothes and person is as much a matter of course to-day as is the habit of wearing garments or shaking hands. That it was not always so, says London Modern Society, we were reminded a day or two since when perusing a letter of the first earl of Malmesbury, written when that astute diplomatist was sent to escort the Princess Caroline of Brunswick to England to be the bride of the prince of Wales, afterward George IV. The way was long in those days, and hostile armies lay between Brunswick and England. The princess, with her mother, the duchess (sister to King George III.), and escorted by Lord Malmesbury and a large retinue, set out on December 30. It was April before she was safely landed on British soil! Poor Lord Malmesbury did his best with his eccentric charge, and used the time in trying to fit the ill-educated, unregulated girl, who even then took rank as the princess of Wales, for the perilous position into which she was to be thrust.

He was distressed to find that Princess Caroline boasted that she could jump out of bed and appear en grande toilette in the course of 15 minutes. Remembering what toilet meant in the days of hoops and powder, this seemed to him only about time enough to get a dairymaid ready for filling the milking pail. He writes to his confidential friend, the then duke of Portland, in pathetic dismay:

"I have had two conversations with Princess Caroline on cleanliness and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible for a man, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress—as well as to what was hid as to what was to be seen. I know she wears coarse petticoats and coarse linen and thick stockings—and these never well washed nor changed often enough! I gave her credit for her boast of a short toilet. What I could not say further on this point I got said through women, through Mme. Busche and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly her education has been neglected on this point, and how much her mother, although an English woman, was inattentive to it."

The earl was a little bit mistaken in that last remark. The duchess of Brunswick, although the sister of King George III., was as utterly German in training and in ideas as she could possibly be. She inherited all the regrettable qualities of the first two Hanover kings, and she early married one of the most despicable of the petty potentates that swarmed in Germany under the somber shadow of Frederick the Great.

It appears as if no woman ever born could have been fitted to be the wife of the profligate prince—it would have needed the nature of an angel and the patience of a thousand Jobs to have put up with him as a husband. But in all Europe there could not have been a creature less suited to reform Carlton house than Princess Caroline. It is on record that her father wished a certain Mme. Rosenzweit to accompany her to England as her "reader," and when the request was refused the duke took Lord Malmesbury aside and explained that the lady was quite insignificant and unimportant, but that he much wished her to accompany the princess, for "Caroline writes ill, and spells ill, so is accustomed to trust to Mme. Rosenzweit on all occasions." And this at a time when letter writing was a fine art, and the most flippant person prided himself on the turning of neat phrases and the graceful expression of pretty conceits.

The earl sums up the character of the unfortunate Caroline in these words:

"She has quick parts, without a distinguishing understanding; ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse. Talkative, prone to confide in missish friendships that last 24 hours. Some natural morality, but no strong notions of its value nor of its necessity. Without a grain of dignity or an idea of decorum."

Was it much wonder that poor Caroline wrecked herself, and that she and her precious husband betwixt them nearly wrecked the English monarchy?

A CURIOUS MEAL.

Troop of British Soldiers in South Africa Reduced to a Diet of Jam and Monkey.

During the South African war, says London Tit-Bits, our soldiers have had some very queer meals, such as mealie cobs straight, jappatties cooked with dubbin, horse flesh, mule steaks, etc., but the most curious meal I have ever eaten was down on the Portuguese border while on the march with Gen. Buller.

Any soldier who was with Gen. Buller at Lydenburg will remember that after the occupation of that place we were short of rations, and had it not been for the guides (who were instrumental in finding a cache in the mountains) we should have fared badly indeed.

About three days after we had occupied Lydenburg I was told off with my troop to escort a convoy to Nieel Spruit (a small station on the Portuguese border, about 20 miles distant) to bring back rations and forage. On the way down we met many natives, who, as usual, clamored for some small trifles, such as matches, etc. Having nothing else but my rations, which consisted of four biscuits, and one tin of beef, I gave them away, thinking that I should be able to get plenty at the end of the journey, but I was to be disappointed, and found to my sorrow that the convoy was to be forage and tobacco only, as the rations had not arrived. Of course, I was left without food, which was an awful predicament to be placed in, especially as we had two days' journey in front of us, for, though it only took one day to go down, it takes longer to return with the wagons loaded.

On the journey down (being on the right flank) I noticed lots of monkeys and troops of baboons, who ran off as we approached, chattering and grunting, into the woods. Suddenly it struck me, why not shoot one of these monkeys? I have heard of people eating them in some parts of the world, so why not me? I must tell you that the men, like myself, had been foolish enough to give their rations away, and so were placed in the same situation as myself, so I suggested that we should shoot a monkey, to which they agreed. Well, we soon shot one, a big fellow, and it was pitiful to see the others, who, instead of running away (as we thought they would), gathered round the dead creature and cried like human beings, but as we came up, they made off, jabbering and crying out piteously.

We carried the monkey to our bivouac, and soon had it skinned. We then made a fire, there being plenty of wood about, and in about an hour's time Mr. Monkey was ready for dinner, frizzling and crackling like a sucking pig. I have tasted a good many dishes in all parts of the globe, but this one took the cake; for, to our dismay, we had not got one biscuit among the lot of us, the only thing we had being a tin of jam, so that there was nothing else to do but sit down and make the best of it. I must say that it was not bad at all, and I think most of us made a hearty meal, but I should not care to eat it too often, and I don't think I shall forget in a hurry the time I feasted on jam and monkey.

HIS FIRST EARNINGS.

Mark Twain Tells How He Became Possessor of Five Dollars in Early Youth.

While traveling recently Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school in a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—" —here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

A CONFUSION OF DATES.

How Alaska and the Philippines Keep Their Calendars with the World.

Whereabouts—if there be a whereabouts at all—on the earth's surface is the place where the "day" may be considered to begin," and where the "date" consequently has to be changed?

A "day," of course, is a reality—it is the time occupied by the earth in making one rotation on its axis. But as so defined every meridian on the earth's surface has a "day" of its own.

But it would be impossible to regulate human affairs upon the basis of each meridian having its own "day;" it is a matter of necessity to reckon, according to the day of some selected station, says the Glasgow Evening Times. Formerly each nation was wont to reckon time from a station of its own—whence came much confusion, affecting many questions. Nowadays, however, practically the whole world has agreed to take Greenwich as the selected station—to make it the general "first meridian," whence time and geographical longitude are alike reckoned. Well, 180 degrees east and 180 degrees west are identical meridians. It will be seen at once that it entirely depends upon whether you have reached it by proceeding eastward or by proceeding westward whether you reckon on the day on this meridian Saturday or Friday.

And further, if coming eastward you continued your reckoning after you crossed the 180 degrees meridian, you would find yourself calling Sunday morning that which those who were coming toward you from the west were calling Saturday morning; while the latter, after they had crossed the 180 degrees meridian in the course of the continuance of their journey would, did they likewise maintain unchanged their mode of reckoning, be calling Friday night that which you had just called Saturday night.

Thus, then, the Greenwich "day" begins at the 180 degrees east meridian. The "date," therefore, must change there, or otherwise intolerable confusion would result. Compromise, therefore, has as a necessary complement to the general agreement adopted the Greenwich "day," the using of the 180 degrees east meridian as the basis of the "date line" or line of boundary at which the date is changed. In traveling eastward the date is rectified by doubling the day, i.e., calling two successive days by the same name, while in traveling westward it is rectified by dropping a day out, i.e., passing at once, say from Saturday to Monday—in both cases the change being made at the 180 degrees meridian. In actual practice the arrangement is not quite so simple; practical requirements necessitate another compromise. Though it mostly traverses ocean, the 180 degrees meridian crosses land at a few points; and in order to avoid the confusion inevitable with a change of date on land, the actual date line is allowed to deviate somewhat from the true meridian line at certain points. The chief deviation is in the Bering straits, the date line being made to run along the center of the waterway, instead of being taken across the Kamschatka, as it would do did it follow the actual meridian.

The date lines recognized by the admiralty and by the United States navy are almost the same.

The meridian crosses an island of the Fiji group, and in consequence, were it not for a convenient deviation, its inhabitants might, if they chose, enjoy the puzzlement of passing from to-day into to-morrow, and returning from to-morrow into yesterday, and other experiences suitable to comic opera.

As a matter of fact, some queer things resulted in Alaska when it was Russian territory. For the Russians, having come by way of Siberia, had brought their own calendar with them; while the Canadians, who had come westward, had brought theirs. So on the frontier line it might be Sunday and church time for the Russians and Saturday and market day for their neighbors. In one town, with mixed population, a state of affairs existed involving possibilities thus described: "A Russian can at any time cross the border and spend yesterday with his friends, or an American can enter Russia (where he will find it to-morrow) and enjoy the New Year's dinner with his Russian neighbors, and return home in ample time to spend the old year with his family." Alaska, of course, now uses the American date.

In the Philippines the difficulty also made itself felt at one time, inasmuch as, while within the sphere of the Asiatic date, they used the American one, the Spaniards having first reached them from the American side. It thus happened that Luzon and Celebes, though on the same meridian, employed opposite modes of reckoning. But in 1844 the archbishop of Manila ended the confusion by suppressing the 31st of December of that year, thus adopting the Asiatic dating from 1845.

Manila's Plaza.

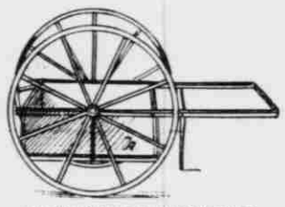
In Manila the principal plaza is a beautiful flower garden, two sides of which are bordered by the cathedral and the Palacio del Gobernador, while the other two are flanked by private residences. It is also used as a place for recreation for young and old. Here on certain evenings of the week an excellent band aids in drawing crowds of citizens, who either do not care for a drive or ride to meet some friends or prefer a short walk and a breath of air laden with the perfume of tropical vegetation. For those who like a drive or ride on horseback and to inhale the sea breeze there is a boulevard consisting of two roads, which meet in a right angle, one of which runs along the sea like, where they have every day about sunset a regular corso which, after a few turns in carriage or on horseback, invariably culminates in a social gathering just at the angle where the two roads meet and where the music of the military is supposed to be the chief attraction. If nobody listens to its strains it serves at all events as a pretext for the people to exchange the news of the day. Moreover, it is here that invitations for the rest of the evening are given or taken.—Detroit Free Press.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HANDY CART FOR CANS.

It Makes the Transferring of Milk from the Dairy to the Wagon or Milk Stand Very Easy.

A necessary adjunct to a cow stable is a convenient, easy mode of transferring to milk cans from the stable dairy to the wagon or milk stand. The cut shows a cart that may be used to advantage for either one large can or four small ones. The advantage of such a cart is that it has wheels large enough to run



CART FOR CARRYING MILK.

easily over uneven ground and the body of the cart is wide enough to prevent upsetting. There is a similar cart manufactured, but it may be made out of a discarded axle and pair of light wheels that may be picked up in almost any community. The bar (a) shows the axle bent down at right angles from the hub bearing. A bar the same size is welded on and carried across to the other side. This drop axle forms a cradle to support the box or frame.—H. S. Eames, in Farm and Home.

KEEP UP DAIRYING.

In Times of Adversity and Depression the Cow is the Farmer's Most Reliable Standby.

In times of prosperity it is well not to forget the days of adversity that we have seen and may see again. Today there is money in almost any kind of farming. More money can be made in raising beef and pork perhaps than in making butter, but this is a condition that belongs to prosperity. When the gloomy days come, and the pig and the steer cease to return a profit, is the time when the cow is found to be a standby. The profit she returns in prosperity and in adversity is not a large one but it is a profit nevertheless and not to be despised. It is very noticeable at a time when other things are returning losses. So at this time the cow should not be forgotten. Many a man will have to fall back on her yet. During the hard times of a few years ago thousands of men went to milking cows that had never done so before. But they discovered then that they had not been preparing their herds for that possibility and consequently had to milk cows that gave them very little profit. They had been in the past breeding to beef bulls and had calves of mixed blood. They then wished they had saved their best calves for milkers. Yet after the clouds had passed away they forgot all about their former experiences and went to selling their good cows and good calves and feeding dairy cows to beef bulls. They are likely to repeat their old mistake and experience the old regrets. What should be done at this time is to keep the best dairy cows and breed them to the best dairy bulls, retaining their calves if they show signs of developing into good milkers. In this way a fairly good lot of cows will be ready for work when needed. It is sad to relate that at this time even good cows are being sent to the butcher, the owner having become fixed in the idea that prosperity is henceforth to be perpetual.—Farmers' Review.

Liquid Manure for Plants.

One reason why liquid manure is so much advocated is its genuine efficacy. This is a good time to speak of the matter, for the reason that the blooming season of pot hyacinths and other bulbs is at hand, and these are much benefited by frequent doses of liquid manure. A convenient form to apply is to take a three-inch flower pot full of cow manure and mix it in a large garden can of water. Dilute this by the same amount of fresh water, and apply twice a week. An ounce of nitrate of soda dissolved in four gallons of water is said to be a quick and good liquid stimulant for bulbs. In applying liquid to bulbs the time to begin is when the pots are filled with roots and flower spikes are visible.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Effective Dairy Instruction.

A novel method of dairy instruction, which has been very successfully carried out the past two summers in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, is that of a traveling dairy, combining lectures and actual practice with modern, up-to-date apparatus properly used. Miss Laura Rose conducted this traveling dairy school and during the past season held 171 meetings, addressing over 6,000 people, traveling 723 miles, testing 640 samples of milk, and making 903 pounds of butter. Three counties were covered this year, in addition to four last season in Cape Breton. Secretary of Agriculture Chipman says the work will continue till every county is reached. This is a great contrast to the remarkable indifference shown by many of the states in our commonwealth which boasts such progress.

Mange Parasites on Horses.

There are three groups of mange parasites which attack horses. The mites are so small that they can easily be overlooked, in making an examination. Except the mange of the pastern joints, the disease is very difficult to cure, unless it is treated in the early stages. Sulphur ointment and tobacco infusions are good remedies, but usually several applications will be necessary. Vaseline containing ten per cent. of carbolic acid and carbonated glycerine are also good, as they soften the skin and kill the mites. Every precaution should be taken to prevent the spread of the disease through the use of harness, saddles or blankets that have been used on the diseased animals.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Franchises for Rural Trolley Systems Should Not Be Granted for Long Periods.

Electric railways are not allowed to carry freight in certain states, owing either to state laws or to the charters of steam railroads that give the latter a monopoly of freight transportation. Wherever such laws exist they should be repealed. The trolley system should be open to freight as well as to passengers. We consider this matter of the most extraordinary importance, and cannot too strongly urge that whatever legislation is necessary to accomplish this result be obtained without delay. Articles published last season on the use of the electric railway for transporting farm produce, in western New York, in Ohio and in Canada, have given a great impetus to the trolley freight idea. Electric railways are being promoted all over the country. It will not be long before communication by trolley from the country to the city will be well-nigh universal in the more thickly settled sections. All questions pertaining to street railway franchises are therefore becoming quite as important to the country as to the city.

Officials in counties and in rural townships should grant franchises for electric railways only under suitable restrictions to protect the public interest. The duration of the franchise should be limited to a certain number of years, and the charges for freight and passenger service should be specified in the franchises as granted. Care in the granting of franchises for rural electric railways will avoid many of the costly mistakes made by cities years ago in giving away forever most valuable franchises for the use of their streets for railways, gas conduits, etc. It is inevitable that the great majority of the local trolley lines now in operation and in prospect will in time be consolidated into a few large systems, just as is being done with the steam railways. While the convenience of electric transportation is desired in rural districts, as well as in the cities, it is of grave consequence that all contracts, franchises, etc., for these new railways be granted under conditions that will conserve the public welfare in the future. No franchise should be granted for longer than 20 years, at the end of which time the township or county should be entitled to acquire the railway upon payment of a fairly appraised value of tracks and equipment.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HINT FOR LOG SAWING.

A Handy Arrangement Which Robs a Hard Task of Its Most Disagreeable Features.

Many farmers draw their winter supply of wood to the door in the log and saw it at odd times with a cross cut saw. This is easy and pleasant work when the log is raised about two feet from the ground, but very difficult and tedious when it lies flat upon the ground. A handy arrangement for holding and raising the logs is easily made as shown in the sketch.

Take two straight poles 16 feet long and strong enough to bear the strain.

A CHOPPER'S DEVICE.

Fasten a pair of stout legs about three feet long to one end of each pole. Then with a two-inch auger, bore a series of holes along the top of each and fit a wooden pin or stake to them. The poles are to be placed side by side and each log rolled up the incline until it reaches the desired height. The pins are inserted to prevent rolling or sliding back and the log is ready for the saw.

I find it better, when sawing in this manner, not to cut the blocks quite off at first, but let them hang by a few inches of solid wood, until all are nearly cut off, when a few strokes of the saw will separate them. By this means the log is held steady and its equilibrium preserved.—C. O. Ormsby, in Farm and Home.

GOOD ROADS ESSENTIAL.

Rural Free Delivery Routes to Be Maintained Only Where Highways Are Improved.

The post office department has a plan under consideration which, if adopted, will help to do away with the bad roads to be found in so many parts of the country. It is to have inspectors appointed in the rural free-delivery part of the service whose duty it shall be to determine whether the roads over which it is proposed rural carriers shall travel are fit.

At present the department is swamped with complaints of the rural carriers about the condition of the roads over which they are expected to carry the mail. The duty of the inspectors shall be to examine all the roads about which complaint is made. If they find the allegation true they will notify the supervisors of the townships through which the roads pass that unless they are put in condition within a fixed time the carrier service will be discontinued. There are about 14,000 rural free-delivery routes.—N. Y. World.

Growing Apples on Farms.

The growing of apples promises to be a very profitable branch of horticultural activity in the future, as it has been in the past. The demand for winter apples is one difficult to satisfy. There are as yet many problems to solve as to the adaptability of varieties to different localities, but in every locality some varieties are known that are successful there. The sooner winter apple orchards are put out the better, as it takes a good many years for an orchard of that kind to come into bearing.—Farmers' Review.

THE HERALD.

Disfigured Skin

Wasted muscles and decaying bones.

What havoc!

Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.

It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammations in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility.

It is always radically and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system, whether young or old.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : : Jan. 29, 1903.

Mrs. Steve Rose, of Lacy creek, is on the sick list.

Dr. Hillard Center, of Maytown, is reported to be no better.

Aunt Roslyn Linden is still confined to her bed with typhoid fever.

South Cox, of Monta Vista, Colorado, is visiting his brother, Geo. Cox, of this place.

Some 20 or 25 cases of small-pox are reported from Campton up to Wednesday evening.

Harry Perkins is visiting at his mother's, on Lacy creek. He came in Monday from Galveston, Texas.

"This watch loses a half-hour every 15 minutes," was an Irish bull made by the poet-painter a few days ago.

TO BE CURED of rheumatism, with all its lameness, aches and pains, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. You must be sure to **GET HOOD'S.**

Misses Lou Ward and Nettie Cox have the thanks of the editor and his better seven-eighths for a sample of the kind of candy they can make.

Two deaths from small-pox at Campton on Sunday. The wife of Taylor Tolson in the morning and a daughter of County Clerk Tutt that night.

For Constipation

Take Lyon's Laxative Syrup; an ideal remedy for ladies and children, as it is pleasant to take and perfectly harmless under all circumstances. Price 25c

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.
W. W. Swango, Maytown, Ky.

Never since THE HERALD started have we had such a hard time to get local news, and being cut off from the mails we can't get state items or general news.

We are a day late this week owing to illness of the editor, who had two severe chills on Monday night and was confined to his bed Tuesday in consequence.

That good lady, Mrs. E. F. Cecil, has the thanks of the editor and his better seven-eigoths for a nice lot of popcorn and a bounteful mess of fresh pork sausage.

George Oldfield has our thanks for a dish that would make any epicure's mouth water. Rockefeller nor Pierpont Morgan could buy a better dish with all their wealth.

Will Frank Caskey died Monday, Jan. 19th, at Caney, of typhoid fever, and was buried at West Liberty on the following Wednesday. He was a second cousin of W. T. and Lee Caskey.

J. R. Phillips has opened an up-to-date barber shop at Lee City which is equipped with reclining chairs, French mirrors, sharp razors, etc. For particulars see bills, printed at this office last week.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Pearl Day, Mattie Evans, Lou Henry, Virginia Day, Mattie Rose and Sarah Samples assembled at Mary Pieratt's home Saturday evening. With candy and music the little ones spent quite a jolly time.

We urgently request all of our subscribers to examine the date after their names and if behind in subscription to promptly renew We cannot call upon you personally, nor have we the time to write. If you are an honest man you will pay up without putting us to that trouble, and if you are not letters would have no effect upon you. Now let us see where you stand.

The crowned heads of every nation,
The rich men, poor men and misers,
All join in paying tribute to
DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

H. Williams, San Antonio, Texas. writes: Little Early Riser Pills are the best I ever used in my family. I unhesitatingly recommend them to everybody. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick head ache, torpid liver, jaundice, malaria and all other liver troubles.

Our Clubbing List.

For the next 30 days we will club THE HERALD and the following papers at the price named. For instance, THE HERALD and—

NEW YORK WORLD, Thrice-a-week, 6 pages, :	$1.50
COURIER JOURNAL, Weekly, 8 to 10 pages, :	1.25
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, Weekly, 8 to 10 pages, :	1.35
TOLEDO BLADE, (Rep.) Weekly, 8 pages, : :	1.00
SUNNY SOUTH, Literary, 10 pages choice stories, &c.,	1.00
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, (Rep) Twice-a-Week, 8 pages, :	1.25
ST LOUIS REPUBLIC, (Dem) Twice-a-Week, 8 p.	1.25
BRYAN'S COMMONER, W. J. Bryan's 8 p. weekly,	1.25

☞ Any paper published in the United States will be furnished to our subscribers at less than publishers' rates. And now is the time to subscribe.

Mrs. Fred Unrath,
President Country Club, Benton Harbor, Mich.

"After my first baby was born I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting better I grew weaker every day. My husband insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiastic in its praise."

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage. No woman who takes Wine of Cardui need fear the coming of her child. If Mrs. Unrath had taken Wine of Cardui before her baby came she would not have been weakened as she was. Her rapid recovery should commend this great remedy to every expectant mother. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow.

WINE OF CARDUI

Trolleying to Baltimore.

Our friend, W. J. Lampton, of New York, has our thanks for the current issue of "Outing," a magazine devoted to hunting, fishing, and field sports, in which he has an article, "Trolleying to Baltimore," which we read with a great relish. It describes the country traversed thoroughly, and is seasoned with a spice of humor which makes some of the ludicrous situations quite laughable. An added interest to us was the fact that we have traveled over some of the territory described, but not on the same kind of conveyance.

A Marvelous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has been invented that will cut, paste and hang wall paper. The field of inventions and discoveries seems to be unlimited. Notable among great discoveries is Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It has done a world of good for weak lungs and saved many a life. Thousands have uzed it and conquered Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Colsumption. Their general verdict is: "Its the best and most reliable medicine for throat and lung troubles. Every 50c. and $1.00 bottle is guaranteed by J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists. Trial bottles free.

N. C. Waddill, who some years ago was connected with this office, has just launched upon the sea of journalism the Johnson Journal, a craft similar in size to THE HERALD. The port of entry is Johnson, Indian Territory, and her two first trips show good cargos. With Nelse as sailing master she ought to prove a paying packet, and his friends here wish him safe voyages and pleasant weekly trips.

Wonderful Nerve.

Is displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sore Feet or Stiff Joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best salve on earth for piles, too. 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Wm. Murphy, of Grassy creek, Morgan county, was on Tuesday appointed administrator of the estate of his son-in-law, David H. Linden, and will on Friday, Feb. 6th, expose to public sale all of decedant's personal property, for particulars of which see bills.

The rumor was in circulation here this week that a Miss Hager had been killed between Daysboro and Lee City under very distressing circumstances. She was going to mill horseback, and to avoid a mudhole rode up on an embankment, which crumbled beneath the horse, and she fell off, the horse falling upon her and crushing her so badley that she died within two hours. Another rumor is that the horse threw her and fell upon her killing her. And still another is that she was badly injured but is still alive.

Unconscious From Croup.

During a sudden and terrible attack of croup our little girl was unconscious from strangulation, says A. L. Spafford, postmaster, Chester, Mich., and a dose of One Minute Cough Cure was administered and repeated often. It reduced the swelling and inflammation, cut the mucus and shortly the child was resting easy and speedily recovered. It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe and all Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure lingers in the throat and chest and enables the lungs to contribute pure, health giving oxygen to the blood.

Doubtless a good many who are behind on subscription reason like this: "I only owe him $1 and he wont suffer for that; I'll pay him first time I see him." But they forget that several hundred are thinking as they do, and that the aggregate sum would help us wonderfully. Now please pay us.

One Hundred Dollars a Box

Is the value H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C., places on DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me. It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with antiseptics and emollients: relieves and permanently cures blind, bleeding itching and protruding piles, sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt rheum and all skin diseases.

The town of Campton is quarantined and we have had no mail to or from that place for the past three days. Indeed we have had no mail from Lexington or points beyond for that length of time. It could reach us by the Mt. Sterling route, and why it does not do so is beyond our ken.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c. at J. T. Day's, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, drug stores.

Our friend and fellow-citizen, Riley Taulbee, is confined to his home by illness, and Dr. Nickell his attending physician, thinks he is likely to develop a fever, maybe a case of typhoid.

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE,
Chemists,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

James H. Stamper, the dentist, has located in our town for the practice of his profession. That he intends to remain permanently is evidenced by a full supply of stationery which this office printed for him last week, and we commend him to the people.

The inconvenience we are now experiencing would have been overcome had the line to Helechawa, or Neola, been established, as suggested by THE HERALD some time ago. A petition signed by patrons of this postoffice would have had the desired result.

Each of the first five who renew their subscriptions, or new subscribers, will be presented with a copy of Rev. Irl R. Hick's Almanac for 1903. It contains about 200 pages and is filled with weather forecasts.

Keep It in Your Home,

And when the bowels fail to act properly, take a dose of LYON'S LAXATIVE SYRUP—It acts gently but effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels; will keep your system in good working order and make your complexion clear.

Sold by J. C. Stamper, Grassy Creek.
W. W. Swango, Maytown, Ky.

LAPLAND'S INSECT PESTS.

Black Flies and Mosquitoes Make Life in That Country Very Undesirable.

We shall never forget one awful day, just before a heavy thunderstorm, when we attempted to work a marsh, but found it quite impossible to go more than 20 yards without resting. A veil is a great handicap in shooting, and we found it exceedingly difficult to judge distance at all accurately. As to trying to watch birds in this country it was impossible to do so for any length of time. Directly one stopped, such a cloud of mosquitoes gathered round one's head that after a short time the bird could not be seen through the binoculars owing to the dense swarm of mosquitoes which quickly gathered in front of the glass, relates a writer in Knowledge.

The only times in which we were able to discard our veils was after we had beaten the mosquitoes out of the tent and fixed the curtain over the doorway, and when after rowing hard for an hour or so on a lake we left the mosquitoes behind. At one place, however, we met a tiny black fly in such myriads that it became a far worse pest than the mosquitoes. This fly was so small that no ordinary netting would keep it out, and it crept into our hair and ears and bit so hard and unpleasantly that to escape going mad we were forced to pack up our things and run away from the place. But no one who has been in the interior of Lapland in summer can adequately describe the blood-sucking insects which possess that country.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

LANE LOCALS.

Mrs. M. F. Horton is on the sick list.

T. P. Sewell spent last week in Campton.

Green Brewer is very ill with the mumps.

M. F. Horton went to Campton Monday on business.

D. J. Hollon, of Jeffersonville, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Fanny Brewer is very ill at her home with malarial fever.

Clayton Center, of your town, was a caller at some house near Sewellville last week.

G. W. King went to Campton last week to do some business in the horse trading line.

While making rails one day last week William Hollon received a serious wound in the foot.

Miss Martha Sewell, who has been teaching in Breathitt, has closed her school and is now at home.

Miss Besse Hollon, the charming daughter of J. B. Hollon, of Neola, is visiting relatives at Lane, and studying music.

Miss Zerilda Sewell and two little nieces, Ethel and Annie Horton, visited relatives in Lee City from Thursday to Saturday.

Miss Zerilda Sewell began a select school at Spring Branch school house Monday, Jan. 26th. She also has a class in music outside of her regular school work.

"Mike" has been away from home teaching since last you heard from him, but is now at home and will furnish the dear old HERALD with the news from Lane, as I am like Dr. Stamper, "like to see my name in print."

Jan. 27. MIKE.

A Scientific Discovery.

Kodol does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over-loaded. Kodol supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodol digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood.

Lion Coffee

is **all coffee**—no glazing of eggs or glue to conceal defects and cheapen its quality. Fresh and uniform, rich in flavor, because always in sealed packages—never in bulk.

CURING A BALKY HORSE.

Simple Methods May Be Employed Without Resorting to the Use of the Whip.

An expert states that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling of the animal while young. It is only high-strung and ill-tempered horses that balk; and these are handled with more success by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which generally make matters worse. It is almost impossible to follow rules in a case of this sort. What will succeed in one case is useless in another, so that a driver must exercise good judgment—"horse sense"—in handling a case. A very good treatment is to watch the animal closely in places where it would be likely to balk, and driver should say "Whoa," then get off and loosen or pretend to change the harness in some way; also take up a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. Spend a few moments leisurely in this way, and in nine cases out of ten the animal will forget its inclination to balk and will go on at the first bidding. It is also well to give a lump of sugar or a handful of oats or an apple. This will always produce better results than severe measures.

Mrs. E. M. Russell was quite sick for several days the first of the week, but was some better Thursday, being able to sit up a while.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

—o OF o—

Bank of West Liberty

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Showing condition at the close of business December 31st, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$31,800.33
Overdrafts Secured	5.24
Furniture and Fixtures	1,332.75
House and Lot	1,436.60
Due from Banks	34,560.99
Cash	5,742.51
	$77,878.42

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$14,550.00
Surplus	500.00
Undivided Profits	11.53
Deposits, subject to check, on which interest is not paid	62,816.89
	$77,878.42

☞ Expenses and 3 per cent dividend were paid out of last six months' earnings.

W. D. ARCHIBALD, Cashier.

S. W. CECIL,)
T. J. WELLS, } Correct Attest.
S. R. COLLIER,)

Subscribed and sworn to before me by W. D. Archibald, Jan. 2nd, 1903.

J. R. KENDALL,
15jan 2m Notary Public.

Reward! Reward!

REWARD!

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.

WE WILL KINDLY ASK ONE and all who pays us cash or other pay to call for coupon ticket and receive premiums from our large assortment of

DECORATED QUEENSWARE

gotten up especially for the holiday trade. Come at once. First come, first served. Also those "back number" or unthankful fellows are invited, and will save us hunting them up, as this is one time we are going after one and all who does not respond and pay for past favors.

Respectfully, &c.,
W. W. SWANGO & CO.
Maytown Ky., Nov. 14.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & Co., Chicago
The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

TONSORIAL PARLORS

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

GEORGE DYER, Proprietor.

SHAVING, HAIR-CUTTING and all other branches of the tonsorial art in the latest style. Clean towels and sharp razors only in use for customers.

GREAT OVERCOAT SALE

Owing to the...
Continued Warm Weather
—We are—
BADLY OVERSTOCKED
—IN—
OVERCOATS
THOUSANDS Of Overcoats
—FOR—
MEN AND BOYS
AT COST
—AND—
Regardless of Cost!

Come Early and Get Bargains.

Louis & Gus Straus,

LEXINGTON'S GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE.

CLARK & HOWARD,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
206-208 E. Main, : : LEXINGTON, KY.

Honest material, master mechanics and consciencious calculations are their stock in trade. Hence it is that satisfaction is guaranteed.

Strength In It!

There's health and strength in a bottle of pure Beer. And Lexington brew has purity and quality. Barley in it for food. Hops for tonic. And just enough alcohol to aid digestion. Essential to the weak, healthful for anybody. A standard, high grade beer. Unsurpassed for table use and medicinal purposes. The beer that nourishes, cheers and invigorates.

LEXINGTON . BREWING . COMPANY.

W. R. CRAWFORD & CO.,
Live Stock Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Cattle, Hogs & Sheep,
Cincinnati Union Stock Yards, CINCINNATI, O.,
—ALSO—
Central Stock Yards, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We have an Eastern outlet for all desirable stock at highest prices. Consignment solicited. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

CECIL BROS.,
Staple and Fancy Grocers,

Have in Stock and Sell Low for CASH the following goods:
APPLLE BUTTER, 15c. quart jar.
JELLIES, all kinds, 3 glasses 25c.
PEACH LEAF LARD, 15c per pound.
SUGAR, 5½c to 6¼c per pound.
CADOVA COFFEE, best in town, 12½c.
BONNIE ROLLED OATS, 10c package.
SWEET POTATOES, canned, 15c, 2 for 25c.
KRAUT, 3-pound can, 10c.
CORN, 10c per can.
PEAS, 2 cans 25c.
☞ HARNESS, BRIDLES, GRANITE WARE, &c., &c. Everything first-class and fresh, and YOU SAVE MONEY on everything you buy of us.

TREES! TREES! TREES!
BY THE MILLION.
Fruit and Ornamental, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, Shrubs and everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We employ no agents, but sell direct.
Catalogue on application.
Both phones
H. F. HILLENMEYER,
LEXINGTON KY.

WANTED—Say 5,000 acres COKING COAL LANDS, conveniently located for transportation to Columbus, Ohio. State rock bottom cash price and description in detail. Lock Box 751, Columbus, Ohio. 5-16

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
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